

“SOMEONE HELP ME! SOMEONE SAVE ME!” yelled a frantic and panicked gentleman roughly around my age. He was running towards me with his arms swinging hysterically in the air.

“HE IS TRYING TO MURDER ME! I NEED TO FIND SAFETY!” he shrieked in complete fear.

As I froze in terror, I dropped my designer handbag and tried to comprehend exactly what was happening around me. This poor man was drenched in blood and his clothes were ripped. He had evidently been attacked.

As a million thoughts raced through my mind, I blurted out, “I’ll call the police!”

“No!” he responded as quick as a flash. “He is hot on our trail and the police won’t make it here in time. We need to hide and we need to get out of here quickly, otherwise we’ll both be dead!”

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“Wait... where am I?” I blinked slowly in complete confusion.  
I looked around me and could not recognise my surroundings for the life of me.

All of a sudden, reality struck and I felt a shooting sharp pain surge through the veins in both my arms and legs.

I looked down at them in complete derision to see scars and fresh blood seeping out of my unexpected wounds that stemmed from my enchanted tattoos.

“Ahhh,” I moaned and groaned from agonising and excruciating pain.

I tried to stand up but my legs trembled and betrayed me. I had no ounce of energy left in my body. “How did I end up like this? What has happened to my body?” I wondered in dismay.

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Bang!

Another bazooka opens fire. Another man down.

England’s casualties: 124      Ukraine’s casualties: 252

As we find ourselves cornered and surrounded by bloodthirsty English army troops, we start to wonder if this was our last moment to live or if we could find a way out. We foolishly had thought we’d be safe behind a man-made barrier of sandbags; however, we were now down to only half of our soldiers left and it looked like we were the next victims.

A warzone was anything but pretty. Sounds of ear-piercing and blood-curdling screams echoed throughout the plains as the bodies of once powerful soldiers fell to the earth like

powerless ragdolls. Commands to run, hide, jump and roll bellowed throughout the atmosphere in the hope of saving our comrades' lives. The terrifying sounds of gunshots and bombs exploding never got easier. Each time my body would jolt powerfully and a rush of adrenaline would pump through my veins with each of my movements. There would never be any situation where my senses would be more heightened than this. Smells of gunpowder, smoke, ash and the stench of fresh blood pouring out of the lifeless bodies of my companions filled my nostrils and almost made me gag. Flashes of fear would invade my mind, convincing me that I would be the next casualty, but I had to keep fighting that thought in order to stay alive.

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The strange sound of water crashing against the rocks forced my drowsy eyelids to open.

Wait a second. Where am I?

As I slowly began to gain consciousness, the reality of my pain surged through my body. An intense throb coming from my head almost caused me to black out again. I began to fight it. As I reached towards my head, I could feel that it was all wet. Not just from the salty water beneath me, but my once dirty blonde hair is now crimson and knotted from my very own blood seeping out of my scalp.

A tingle turns into a burn as my brain begins to register another strange sensation coming from my leg. I look down at my foot to spot a pastel blue creature with eight thin and wispy tentacles wrapped around me with a firm grip.

I screamed an ear-piercing scream and attempted to kick it off my leg with all the adrenaline I had. To no avail, I managed to rip it off my foot leaving behind multiple scars and burns from its presence.

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"Gibe phu yah higon bou yah 9pm fer," read this mysterious note that was handed to me discretely on an ordinary napkin.

"Wait, what? How does this gentleman know this language? I'm the only person who understands it because it's based on my family's private teachings. I have no siblings and I have no family other than my parents. Who is this man?" I continued to mutter to myself in absolute confusion.

"You alright, Ethan?" questioned my best friend, Mason, who had just returned from the restroom. "You look like you've seen a ghost!"

"Yeah, I'm fine. Hey, look... I gotta go. I'll see you later, okay?" I mumbled in reply whilst trying to gather my thoughts. "Let me settle the bill on my way out. Lunch is on me today!"

My name is Ethan and I'm eighteen years old. I'm nothing but ordinary, well I think so! Others would say otherwise because I come from a rich family. If you looked at me, you

wouldn't see anything extraordinarily different. I'm just an average boy who wears brown glasses covering my emerald green eyes. I have chocolate brown hair, I'm of an average height, I'm slender in build and you'll always catch me wearing my blue jeans with a white t-shirt and my favourite green bow tie.

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Flight mode activated.

I began to run for my life. I ran as fast as my legs could carry me in no particular direction. All I knew was that I needed to get out of there. I needed to save myself.

I was running like a lightning bolt for what seemed like forever. In reality, though, it was about 500 metres from the bloody crime scene. As I was running hysterically, my senses were heightened, and I spotted a hidden laneway with a large dumpster from the corner of my eye. Without even thinking, I suddenly took the sharp corner for it to become my refuge. The only thing that I could think about was to lose the murderer and have a safe hiding spot because he would have been hot on my trail.

BAM! A loud bang came from a metal door swinging open.

I began to shake with trepidation and opened my mouth to silently scream. I couldn't escape this nightmare. I curled myself up into a foetal position making myself as small as possible in order to be hidden. I kept repeating to myself, "Everything will be okay... I'll be just fine..."